

Who, 'mid the gloom of an' can save
The sheltered bulwark of life?
Whose hand roll back the building wave,
And still the storm of strife?

Whose voice the thunder deep can hush—
And bid the lightning cease?
Whose power repel the billows' rush,
And lull their wrath to peace?

Lo! HE who walk'd upon the wave
And to the doubting Paul,
Cried, "Art thou stretch'd by me to save,
" Your faith—alas! how small!"

Twice HE, the life boat of the soul—
The CROSSER who came to save;
In His sacrifice—and seas may roll,
And clouds their summits lave.

He'll guide you o'er the wildering mass,
A port of safety find;
The voice that can the billows raise,
Heaves that voice the wind.

"Is the harque of the mountain! the k... of the deep!
She comes like a vision, all cheering and bright:
From the lake she emerges—the hails the blue deep,
And looks on the regions of glory and light.

How dear to the freedom the prestige she bears!
How dear to the free-man the prospect she brings!
The chains like shreds through the vista of years,
While the angel of love thus exultingly sings:
"Lo! the peak of the mountain, the peak of the hill,
Shall leave the rude hip of the hounded abey;
Thy garnets, Vermont, Europe's fables shall fill,
And the waste of the Nile the Atlantic shall kiss.
With garlands of wine shall thy offspring reward
The science that taught thee the harvest to reap;
That bade the ocean, the madman to stave,
His barque of the mountain, and boat of the steep."
ROBERT BAYNE

The smiles of the summer no longer are glowing,
And dead are the blossoms which hung from the tree
And dark from the mountain the streamlet is flowing,
And frozen the dew-drop that spangled the lea.
But the tempest of winter may strip every bower,
And rattle the verdure of garden and grove;
We heed not the storm, though around us it howls,
Whilst the heart is devoted to friendship and love.

Dear soul all affection, of Eden still breathing,
Thy magic can teach every landscape to bloom,
The bare waving branches with blossoms enwreath'd
And bid them the tints of fresh rivers assume !
Then what ! though no verdure embellish the bowers,
Nor strains of sweet melody gladden the grove ;
We fear thee not, Winter, we'll baffle thy power,
Whilst the heart is devoted to friendship and love.

Written by a Friend, on the death of PASCHAL COGG
who died in Warren County, Mississippi, on the 22d Sep-
tember, 1862, aged 25 years.

Farewell my much-suspected friend,
 O! but thou goest to rest,
 Thy stay on earth is at an end—
 Thy flesh's return'd to dust.
 Far, far from home, in distant ha'd,
 Thy body found its tomb ;
 'Twas God who issued the command,
 And call'd his fav'rite home.
 A mind like thine, so richly stor'd,
 Where shall I turn to find ;
 In sciences, low high it soar'd ;
 Though young, yet how refin'd.
 His soul was open, free, and kind ;
 His thoughts, were all sincere ;
 His virtue, talents, noble mind,
 To all who knew him dear.
 His life through every elegant scene,
 Was spotted as the snow,
 His modest merit all extol'd ;
 What trace of selfish glow,
 Our loss is great, but why complain,
 All human kind must die ;
 What was our loss is his great gain ;
 He lives above the sky.
 Oh! hast thou gone, my worthy friend,
 Cut off in bloom of youth,
 How can we reconcile thy end,
 Or realize its truth.
 But since 'tis so, a sad farewell,
 Reminds from weeping friends,
 In heaven we hope with thee to dwell,
 Where pleasure never ends.

(A Jew of Egypt.)
 An Eaten wit, who frequently would quiz
 Old Pegg, Peggish, and all by gins.
 Once on a stormy day by a river side, —
 The French was caught up at her crisis.
 Inquiring of the dame, who sought the shelter,
 "The cause she said he took, value no high;
 She said — the gentlemen had agreed to split her;
 And of her, damn it, that her, was the cry."
 "Could Eaten gentlemen be so profane?"
 The French said, and disturbed much the story,
 "Lord, no," quoth Peg, "the French is yonder lane.
 Who spake the cruel words I've told before you."
 "Quick-bite him here, no answer for himself,"
 The French cried: "Is 'tis on you you stand,
 Who speak as against the little old

Every season of the year, like the life of man, is alternated, more or less, with beauty and desolation, with serene and sunshiny, with earnest, with delightful and disagreeable. Spring, the youth is the season of animation, exultation and beauty. Summer, like old age, has signs of dissolution of hopes; more or pains than of pleasure; its days and nights are tedious and joyless; its pleasures are depressing and gloomy. In winter, as in ripening manhood, all is fervid, vigorous and productive. Autumn, like the mature age of man, is tranquil and sedate. It presents us first with loaded branches of ripened fruits and then with falling leaves, falling leaves, dropping from plantlets, shrubs, dying insects, growing tempests, unmediated frosts, naked hills, and pillaged fields—in the falling waters of the woods, in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and old may view themselves as in a mirror, and learn their frailty, and rapid progress to dissolution. But, however, our bodies fade, let our virtues flourish. Thus as verdant and fruitful trees, we shall beauty and benefit the world and at death be transported to the Paradise above where our leaf shall not wither, nor our root decay.

The depression of the mind, through natural
some people, is generally the consequence of in-
dolence and idleness, and therefore unbecom-
ing in a man. When we employ ourselves about
something that is useful, we have not leisure
to give way to this strange disposition of the mind,
and when we properly fill up our time we shall
always find ourselves the better satisfied with our
own conduct. Indolence is what nature never de-
signed for man, but is an invention of his own
torment himself. It is an enemy, which the wis-
est man shuns, and the fool courts. Animals are in-
nocent of it, because instinct never teaches it, at
least only pines in imaginary languor, because it
has the liberty of so doing. However, terrible
this disorder may be, every one who has the sense
within his own reach, and who has procured
livelihood by industry in the most humiliating cir-
cumstances, is preferable to the monarch, who passes
his wretched hours in rolling about on the clouds
of indolence, and leaves his duty to be performed
by others.

Nature applies herself to unremitting labour, and never stops for a moment, but is perpetual at work to promote and support her grand and magnificent operations: while men often suffer imaginary evils to depress his mind, and gives up to idleness, rather than exert himself in some useful and profitable employment, which would not fail to cure his disorder, and make him cheerful and happy.

Orestes often complained of the stretched
 precision and indolence of his mind, and on a fri-
 end once advising him, as an infallible remedy to re-
 vive himself from his lethargy, and apply his time
 to some useful employment, he replied: "But
 there is no better method of being revenged
 than to let time, which destroys every thing, I am determin-
 ing to let it pass in doing nothing." Such an idea
 is unworthy of a human being, and I hope will
 be considered as such by all my readers, whether
 young or aged.

religion and morality, when represented in a true light, are the highest happiness of a rational being.—The mind above the calculating and allowing ideas of this world, and compares man to many of the true fortitude and resignation, the unavoidable calamities which attend human life.—The felicity attending conscience, are permanent and substantial: the happiness of a mind that can survey itself with tranquility and self approbation, is of all others most desirable. True religion renders a man little inferior to the angels, without it, he is worth the beasts that perish.

Religion is represented by some as an abridgment of the pleasures of life, and in often art is in the most gloomy and foreboding language: mistaken is the idea—it refines the propensities of the heart, it unmasks the evils attendant on human life, and enables us to relish them as blessings in disguise: Thus a fountain is opened to the pilgrim, which the licentious can never approach.

How commiserating to the real Christian, hear the most satisfactory and delightful employment of the soul represented in such cold, unbecoming language ! He marks the hand of Deity in all things, and they conspire to yield him pleasure : he views with ecstasy the grand furniture of the skies, and adores with fervour that Being who guides the silent spheres ; he admires the mechanism of God, as displayed in the grand theatre of the universe ; he beholds the lofty mountains rising among the clouds, and the flowing rivers with their inhabitants : he sees the forked lightning glare, and hears with awe the dreadful thunder, and still more dreadful earthquakes, shake creation to her very centre ; but he fears not, he knows, that should the globe burst asunder, dissolve in liquid flame, that he is safe, and Elijah would be transported to the regions immortal bliss. Such are the effects of religion.

Oh, how transporting the thought, that not the wreck of nature and crash of worlds, the

Reader! adhere to the practice of virtue—
from the dissipated practices of a degenerate age,
to wit and experience of a glorious immortality.
From this bright example which the blessed A-
thanasius of our religion has set before us, and the
dark thin comfort and consolation while here, a
everlasting peace beyond the grave.

[illegible]

next morning I was sent for I found, in the
 the most singular night in the world—a person
 good health making all the arrangements for
 funeral, taking an affecting leave of his friends
 and writing a letter to his father, to acquaint
 with his approaching dissolution, and to bid
 farewell. I examined the state of his body,
 found nothing unusual but the paleness of his
 eyes cold and rather inflamed with weeping
 of the extremities, and low contracted
 indications of a general cramp of the mus-
 cles which was sufficiently manifested in the state
 of his mind. I answered, therefore, in calm
 him the most powerful arguments, of the
 ability of his nature, and to persuade that a per-
 son whose bodily health was so sound, had no re-
 whatever to apprehend speedy death; I dis-
 sserted all my eloquence and my profound
 knowledge, but without making the slightest
 impression. He willingly admitted that I, as a
 sician, could not discover any cause of death
 him; but this, he contended, was the peculiar
 circumstance of his case, that without any na-
 cause, merely for an unalterable decree of
 his death must ensue; and though he could
 expect me to shew this conviction, still it
 equally certain that it would be verified by
 event of the following day. All that I could
 therefore, was to tell him, that, under three
 conditions I meant to treat him as a person lab-
 under a disease, and prescribe medicines nat-
 uringly. "Very well," replied he, "but you
 see not only that your medicines will not do
 any good, but that they will not operate at all."
 There was no time lost, for I had only 24 ho-
 left to effect a cure. I therefore judged it best
 to employ powerful remedies, in order to release
 him from this bondage of his imagination. With-
 out delay, a very strong emetic and cathartic were
 ministered, and blisters applied to both thighs.
 He submitted to everything, but with the as-
 surance that his body was already half dead, and
 remedies would be of no use. Accordingly, after
 utter astonishment, I learned when I called in the
 evening, that the emetic had taken but little ef-
 fect, and that the blisters had not even risen to
 the skin red. He now triumphed over his im-
 duty, and deduced from this ineffacy of the
 remedies the strongest conviction that his body
 little better than a corpse. To this he
 brought numerous more serious aspects. I saw
 profoundly the state of the mind had affected
 body, and what a degree of insensibility it had
 induced; and I had just reason to apprehend
 an imagination which had reduced the body
 such extremity, was capable of carrying in-
 to still greater lengths.

All our inquiries, as to the cause of his death, hitherto proved abortive. He now died to one of his friends, but in the strictest confidence that the preceding evening, on quitting his bed he had seen a figure in white, which beckoned him, and at the same moment a voice pronounced the words:—"The day after to-morrow, in the morning, thou shalt die!" and the fatal prediction, nothing could enable him to escape. He now proceeded, to set his house in order, his will, and gave particular directions for his burial, specifying who were to carry and who to follow him to the grave. He even insisted on receiving the sacrament—a wish, however, those about him evaded complying with. He came on, and he began to count the hours, every five, till the fatal hour of nine in the morning, when the clock struck, his anxiety evoked the thought: "I began to be more apprehensive the result; for I recollected instances in which mere imagination of death had really produced a fatal result. I recollected also the feigned death, when the criminal, after a solemn trial, sentenced to be beheaded, and when, in consequence of the fatal blow, his neck was struck off, on which he fell lifeless to the ground, though his head had really been cut off; and as circumstances gave me reason to fear that a similar result might attend this case, and the striking of the hour of nine might prove as to my patient as the blow of the sword of the above mentioned executioner. At any rate, the communication by the striking of the clock, accompanied by the extraordinary excitement of the agitation, and the general cramp, which had been the blood to the head and the internal organs, might produce a most dangerous result, as apasm, fainting fits, or hiccoughs; or even by overthrow reason, which had already suffered severely on attack."

What was then to be done? In my judgment every thing depended on carrying him, without being aware of it, to the fatal moment. I was to be hoped that, at his whole delirium, upon this point, he would then feel ashamed of himself and be cured of it. I therefore wrote a religious opium, which, moreover, was appropriate to the state of his nerves, and prescribed twenty drops of laudanum with two grains of henbane to be taken about midnight. I did this, it was I hoped, he overcame the fatal fit, and triumphed should assemble round his bed, and, awaking, laugh heartily at his silly notions instead of being obliged to dwell upon the idea, he might be rendered thoroughly sane and absurdity. My instructions were punctually obeyed: soon after he had taken the opium he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not stir till about eleven o'clock the next day. "How is it?" was his first question on opening his eyes.

cept his death, and at the same time was greeted with loud laughter for his folly, he even, unknown under the bed-clothes, and at length joined in the laugh, declared that the whole affair appeared to him like a dream, and that he could not conceive how he could be such a simpleton. Since that time he has enjoyed the best health, and has not had any similar attack.

The loss of novelty, it has been truly observed, is the greatest of fashions. As the fancy of one says a writer on this subject, with one imagination it jumps for another. This is the cause of the continual revolutions of habit and behaviour, and we soon are industrious in pursuing the change this makes fashion universally followed, and is true enough why the awkward people are

Along the year 1700 the Ladies wore flimsy petticoats encased in figures, with different coloured silks and gold, with broad sleeves at bottom. Nails were at this period in use, very different in shape and materials from the present day, being of general use. Diamonds and especially large long cut diamonds adorned the Ladies' bosoms, who were comprised of that valuable stone set in silk in a variety of figures, upon black silk, and who must be admitted to have been a brilliant, if elegant ornaments. Silk gowns were lined with Persian silk; and handkerchiefs, and Spanish lace shawls with gold, were common with persons of respectability. To these different articles ladies added nose jewels with gold and of various shapes detached from them. These odd little charms pieces of black silk called pendants, were worn also at this period in a most extravagant degree. These were stuck on different parts of the face, and varied in use. Present admirers can make no these fancied "beauty spots," by ex-

In 1709 a Lady's dress is thus described in an advertisement to recover one that was lost — black silk petticoat, with a red and white lace border; a cherry-coloured stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-coloured gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow apron, trimmed with white Persian; moulle chacha, with green-fur edging; double ruff with fine edging; a black silk fur-trimmed waist and a spotted hood." In 1711 a Lady's rich dress is advertised for sale in the *Spectator*, of diamond, well faced with silver, being a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat and yachters. And an advertisement in 1712 mentions an *Isabell* coloured *Almas* gown, flowered with green gold, and a dark coloured cloth gown and petticoat, with two silver orrises; a purple and *atlas* gown, a scarlet and gold *atlas* petticoat, with silver; a wrought and silk petticoat, with gold; a black velvet petticoat; a striped coat, striped with green, gold, and white; and silver silk gown and petticoat; a blue gold *atlas* gown and petticoat, and eloge, with silver. A Mrs. Rouse, at the same time advertised her loss of a green silk knit waist with gold and silver flowers; all over it, and fourteen yards of gold and silver thick lace of with a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin and white, all in green flowers or leaves, and let flowers with black spots broadened in, rich high, like velvet or shag.

The Ladies were hooped petticoats, sea
crinoids, and masks, when walking. The
were fair game for the wits, and they spared
not.

"An elderly lady, whose bulky squat figure,
By bump and wheedle-dance, was tried, red much
Without hand, and two-mouth'd in the Park, did repeat
To view her new clothes, and to take the fresh air;
In the shade, her ladies, her kind of dress
Away walked; behind, the men hurried after
Quick a way, thus observing the easy crowd follow.
As the coach with a leap, she's gone off with a bow!"

In 1760, the Ladies, are said to have the following species of caps:—The French cap; the Manringh mob; the Mary Queen of cap; and the fly cap. The latter we may say was the most esteemed; as the late Queen wore, when she landed in England in 1761, in compliance with English costume, habited "a gold brocade, with a white ground: had her macher ornamented with diamonds, and wore a fly cap, with richly laced lappets."

Taking the fashions generally within the forty or fifty years, we find the Ladies' head adorned with a *cushion*, as it was termed, generally of horse-hair, and something like a pompadour, as upon the ends, over this the hair coming down the face, was turned up, and the whole powdered; dimples of gauze, adorned with ribbands, and turban hats, generally of black silk trimmed with white on the tower of hair with long pins, a waist was covered by a long-bodied gown, exceedingly close over stays laid still close hips sometimes supported a bell-bump; the dress, alternately small cloaks and cardinals' furmer of mouslin and silk, and the latter a

This description of dress altered by degrees the present fashion. The hair hung nobly from the forehead, and the eyes were large and round, and over the face and ears it was enlarged to an enormous size, and the bonnet enlarged in proportion. Silks became unfashionable, and printed calicoes, and the finest white muslin were substituted. Muffs were entirely discarded, except at court. These were all improvements; but it is only of late years that the English in their honour, have thrown aside the hateful attempts to supply nature's deficiencies, and now appear in that native grace and proportion which distinguishes an Englishwoman.

The hair, cleared from all extraneous ornaments, is beautiful lustre carefully turned to the head, in the proper adaption by the most judicious and skilful of the female sex, through their own skill, draperies in that natating manner, which excludes the least taint of impropriety. Their hats and bonnets of clip, and beaver, if some what less, would scarcely becomeing; and their velvet pashaws, and silk spencers, are contrived to injure rather than injure the form.

The following anecdote is a curious illustration of the character and condition of that class of servants, which has furnished a model for the author of the *typy*, for his most original and striking personage.

If some previous remarks on Doctors and Chauncy are recollectcd, they will render the following story more intelligible. Dr. Cooper was a man of accomplished manners and society, was able, by the aid of his fine talents, to dispense with some of the severe studies that engaged in. This, however, did not excite envy and malice of the world, and it was without petulant and absurd exaggeration, as used to walk to the south end of a Saturday if he saw a man riding into town in a black would stop and ask him to preach next day. Chauncy was a close student, very abstemious. On these traits in the character of the clergyman, a servant of Dr. Chauncy's scheme to obtain a particular object from him. Scipio went into his master's study on

having given, examined his writing, and the article still remained—The master looked on for a few minutes afterwards, and, supposing that he had come in, said, "Scipio, what do you want? I want a new coat, massa?" "Well, go to Mr. Chesney, and tell her to give you one of my coats," and was again absorbed in studies; the servant remained fixed. After a while, the doctor turning his eyes that way, saw him again, as if for the first time, and said, "what do you want, Scipio?" "I want a new coat, massa?" "Well, go to my wife, and ask her to give you one of my coats," and left in writing some more. Scipio remained in the same posture. After a few minutes the doctor looked toward him, and repeated, "former question," "Scipio, what do you want?" "I want a new coat, massa?" It now fastened upon doctor's mind, that there was something of a little logical dialogue. "Which, have I not told before to ask Mrs. Chesney to give you a coat, get away." "Yes, massa, but I do trust my coat." "Not want a black coat, and why?" "Why, massa, I frash to tell you, but I don't want a black coat." "What's the reason you don't want a black coat? tell me directly." "O massa, I see, I don't want a black coat, but I frash to tell the reason, you so passionate?" "You rascal, you tell me the reason?" "O massa, I frash, if you be angry." "If I had my own you vittin break your bones, will you tell me what I mean?" "I frash to tell you massa; I know be angry." The doctor's impatience was highly irritated, and Scipio, looking on by glances at the tongue, that he might find a suitable for the cane, and that he was sufficiently chafed, said, "Well, massa, you make me tell, I know you be angry." "I said, massa, if I another black coat, Dr. Cooper said me prash him!" This argument did not seem to realize the negro's calculation; he frantically master burst in laughter. "Go, you rascal, get my hat and cane, tell Mrs. Chesney she may give you a coat of color; a red one, if you choose." A way toward negro in his mistress, and the doctor in tell story to his friend Cooper.

SWALLOW

It has been generally supposed, that the ice swallows passing the winter in the water lakes and rivers, had been exploded—By the following extract, given in the National Intelligencer from the Journal of a gentleman in Washington, it would seem that the question is yet in discussion.

"A young man from the Waters Branch that the Otzolan, which disappears at the trout, descends into the mud, and comes out in crossing spring, with the loss of its feathers, a suspicious thing not distinguishable from a and with its young once again become flesh and appear for a short time when the wild are ripe. I have heard a variety of opinions upon subject, and note this extraordinary one. I am certain they do not migrate, for they have been seen on the way; and they cannot fly, a time, more than one hundred yards. This son is corroborated by an old man, named of Mendenburg, who said he was digging at margin of the river and marsh, when he a great number of little animals fringing, which he took to be small mice or frogs, but, catching two or three, he found they were y Otzolan, without feathers!"

THE SPANIEL AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

The only daughter of a wealthy miner, of
letto, while playing with a large Spaniel, felt
the Tiger without the accident being perceived.
The dog jumped immediately into the water,
reached the little girl, and seizing her strongly
her garments, strove to bring her ashore, but
dread was too weak, and yielding to the water
conquerous dog was obliged to abandon his

Unhappy to enter in an effort beyond his power the devious creature ran immediately to his father. Unfortunate man! he was yet ignorant of calamity. The dog informs him of it by the intelligent sign. Guided by a species of rite he bore in his mouth the basket of his little sister, and laid it with most piteous cries at the feet of his mother. The wretched father, overwhelmed with awful presentiments, catches the distressing signal. Alas! my daughter, however, being in the presence of death, at the moment when she is about to expire, her mother revealed, he rushed to the foot of the bed, and threw himself precipitately into the stream. The faithful dog accompanies and guides him to the distance of several hundred yards. Prodigious power of instinct! Singular and happy provision. The Miller once more a father, has in his arms his beloved child, already carried by the progress of the waves. She is rescued from death almost at the moment of expir-

Having reached the mill, with the fathering his child in his arms, the Spaniel exhibited equal anxiety with his master for the fate of the girl; and when he saw her restored to life, gazed upon her with eagerness and joy. At that time he followed her always, and regaled her with a look of content, which indicated the sensible animal rejoiced in the benefits afforded.

WONDER OF LITTLENES.
Mr. Bedell, residing at Otter, St. Mary's, has been induced to produce another special his extraordinary performance of penmanship. Having observed in the Percy suzerets gentleman at Liverpool has written Goldsmith's poem of the Traveller (498 lines) in a square of 3 1-2 inches. Mr. B. commenced a tedious task, and wrote with the greatest Goldsmith's poem of the Traveller, Deserted place, Heralding, Stanzas on Woman, Stanzas the taking of Quebec, and a Sonnet, without abbreviation whatever, in the same space, in a square 3 1-2 inches by 3 1-2 inches, comprising 1038 lines, and about 40,000 letters. It may be distinctly read with a magnifying and by some without that help. Various portions of the kind have been produced by him but this is considered the greatest piece of

tion ly that has ever been written.

Effects of the Cold.—When John Smith, the seaman in the Arctic expedition, who lay fingers by the frost, on the 24th of February his hand into a basin of cold water to relieve his fingers, the cold communicated by them to the water was so great, that a thin film of ice formed on the surface!—Another circumstance also demonstrates the extraordinary rapidity with which water was converted into ice, during the Arctic expedition, and is an unparalleled instance in the history of congelation. On the 15th of February, the morning when the thermometer stood at 55 degrees below zero, one of the men took a bottle of fresh water up to the mouth and poured the water through a cullender, by the time it reached the roofing of the ship the drops congealed into irregular spherical particles, which the mate of the ship received in a tin dish. The height of the main-top-sail above forty feet, so that according to the falling bodies, the water must have been

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